

Rio De Janeiro

(Continued from Page Thirteen.)

tively to summer and winter, but the rainfall is distributed through every month of the year, more falling during the summer months than during the winter. The rainfall varies considerably from year to year, but the average is about fifty inches a year.

If a due regard had been paid, in laying out the city, to the prevailing winds, that is, if one-half of the streets had been built in the direction of the prevailing winds of the hot season, at least the residence portion of the city could have enjoyed comparative comfort all the year around. It has been frequently observed that there are certain spots in Rio and certain streets which happen to conform to the plan mentioned where there is always a breeze, and so are the coolest points in the city at all seasons. Unfortunately these spots are not in any of the present residence districts, which latter occupy, strange to say, neither the healthiest nor the coolest parts of the city.

There are several residence districts in Rio. The Catete, near the beautiful government palace, the residence of the president; the Botafogo, surrounding the bay of that name at the southern end of the city, where are the most modern residences—beautiful Italian villas, and the styles most frequently seen at home, and all, nearly without exception, surrounded by luxurious gardens. The residence streets of Rio present a very fine appearance, with their long rows of magnificent royal palms and the beautiful private grounds on each side. As in Europe, everybody surrounds his property with high fences either of ornamental iron or stone. The houses are substantially built of stone or brick and then invariably whitewashed or painted with some bright color.

Visitors are usually surprised at the large number of beautiful homes to be found in Rio. San Christovao, at the other end of the city, and Laranjeiras, situated at the foot of Corcovado mountain, from which one of the finest views in the world may be obtained, completes the list of the residence districts. In Laranjeiras is the Laranjeiras club, which maintains some good tennis courts where energetic Englishmen play tennis all the year round.

The business part of the city is crowded about the landing quays on a kind of short peninsula, so that the district is surrounded on three sides by water. In this region are several good-sized squares, some laid out as parks, others mere breathing spaces for the congested narrow streets. There are several good statues in these squares. Along the streets in this part of town you see everywhere large drays, driven by negroes and bearing sacks upon sacks of coffee to the warehouses, where they are loaded onto lighters which carry them out to the ships. Here another unloading and loading process has to be gone through with.

Every coffee merchant has a certain combination of colors which represents his firm, and these, in the form of little flags, are carried by the coffee drays and lighters for the benefit of the negro laborers in their employ who are unable to read. The principal foreign importing houses are located on the Rua (street) Primeiro de Marco. On this street are also most of the foreign consulates, among these being our consulate general. A little south of the United States consulate are the huge custom house buildings and storehouses. Below these is the postoffice, a fine modern building. The largest public market in Rio is three blocks further down this street. At about 5 o'clock on a Sunday morning this market place, filled with vendors of fruit and vegetables and all sorts of wares of other kinds, sitting on the ground with their goods spread before them, and the crowds of people come to buy, is a very animated and picturesque scene.

Opening off from the Primeiro de Marco is the Rua de Ouvidor. This street is probably the greatest "sight" Rio has to offer. It is Rio's peculiar institution. The most marked characteristic about it is its width, which is not more than twenty feet. No vehicles are allowed on it. It is more of an arcade than a street. Being so narrow, the four, five and six-story buildings that line its sides, with the awnings and the advertisements hung across, make it a covered promenade. Here are to be found the principal newspaper offices, book stores, restaurants, confectionery and ice cream shops, and here is the shopping district. From morning to night there is a continual stream of people passing up and down, out to see and be seen. It is like an open air club. In the course of a day you can see almost everybody in Rio of prominence in the world of commerce, business, politics and literature. Cafes on this street and in other parts of Brazil, if nowhere else in the world, are what their name implies. Brazilians are fond to excess of the beverage made from their great staple, and as a result coffee is the one great drink of men, women and children, their ice cream soda and their beer. The shop window displays seen along the Ouvidor would do credit to many European and American cities.

Rio contains many fine buildings besides those already mentioned. Around one large park near the center of the city, the Parca

da Republica, are grouped the mint, the Central railroad station, the main barracks of the city, the Normal school and the city hall. Nearby is the Palace of Itamaraty, bought at the time of the proclamation of the republic and now used for the department of foreign relations. The former imperial palace of Boa Vista, in Sao Christovao, now contains the fine collections of the national museum. This building is surrounded by beautiful gardens. The government palace in the Catete district was bought by the federal government from the Conde de Sao Clemente. On account of its marbles, paintings and works of art it had always been regarded as the most magnificent private residence in the city. A large park extends from the rear of the palace to the bay.

The Church of the Candelaria is considered one of the most beautiful in the western hemisphere. The richness and the splendid proportion of its interior are probably unsurpassed in South America. It was only completed a few years ago after 123 years of work in carrying out the plans for its reconstruction. The buildings of the department of industry and the recently constructed building for the supreme federal tribunal are both magnificent, of modern construction, and the latter is particularly fine from an architectural point of view.

The charitable and educational institutions of Rio are of a high order, but too numerous and important to do them justice in this letter. But I cannot refrain from mentioning the most famous and wealthiest of them all, the Santa Casa de Misericordia, or, in English, Holy House of Mercy. This is a great hospital, which is as well managed and as modern in its methods and treatment, it is said, as any of the larger hospitals in the world. It treats annually more than 12,000 patients, and the number of American sailors who have there found kind treatment and relief from suffering is legion. The institution is one of the richest in Rio, as, from its foundation, away back in 1582 to the present day, it has been left lands and moneys, in large and small amounts, besides receiving regular government aid. Everybody in Brazil takes an interest and feels a pride in the Holy House of Mercy. It receives for treatment anybody, rich or poor, black or white, and no influence is needed to gain entrance. The corporation supports, besides the hospital, several other charitable institutions, among them being a model foundling asylum and an orphan asylum. The national medical school is also affiliated with it.

Rio de Janeiro has long suffered from want of proper dock facilities for handling her very large foreign commerce. The harbor is one of the very finest, if not the finest, in the world, having no bars, practically no tide, plenty of deep water and room enough to accommodate the world's merchant marine all at one time. With facilities for unloading and loading merchant ships—that is, wharfs that ships of the greatest draft can come alongside of, Rio's importance as a port would be sure to grow fast. This there is no longer any doubt Rio is at last to have. The government has announced the negotiation of a loan in London amounting to \$40,000,000 for this very purpose. It is undoubtedly the most important event in the history of the city, and promises a great deal of good, not only to the capital of the country, but to the rest of it as well, which always benefits by the prosperity of the financial center. The works, which are to begin immediately, will not be confined to constructing docks alone, but will also include widening certain streets, repaving, sanitary measures and embellishing the city generally. The completion of the present plans for port improvements is sure to bring to Rio the commercial supremacy of South American cities.

By Fire or Ice

(Continued from Page Three.)

truth—certain new alterations of this planetary system will become fact—changes which, sooner or later, will take the earth-star back to the sun again, or will take away from it the light and heat of that sun. Now what shall we ask?

I think that it is in no petty, small spirit that we may ask: Is this, then, to be the end of that final progress of development? Nay. Let us ask further: What new, wonderful links will be fitted into the immortal chain with the new, vast change of the planets?

That we can put this question in itself one of the most important achievements of philosophy. To seek the answer means to dream—to dream ahead for billions of years.

If I may dream, I can see two ways in which the human genius cannot only survive the threatening future, but can actually make it a further instrument in the progress toward perfection.

The mind of man may develop itself so enormously in those billions of years that space and distance shall be immaterial and meaningless to it. The very fact of a decrease in the earth's speed or a lessening of the sun's heat might give him the impulse that will make him dare to steer out into the universe. The separate intelligences of the various planets may con-

ceivably co-operate. And in the end man would leave this sinking ship of the planet system. Darting swiftly as light on wondrous machines, "man" speeds to distant, happier stars—perhaps to that red double star Alpha in the Constellation of the Centaur, which is only 4,000,000,000 of miles away from us.

There is another solution somewhat more difficult of apprehension.

Suppose this outward picture of humanity were wiped out some day.

The earth has rolled into the sun and a new gaseous sphere has been formed. But in its new development there appear wonderful provisions. Matter, after wandering for billions of years through human brains in billions of generations of thinking creatures, has changed!

Is the matter that has wandered through the brain of a Shakespeare or a Goethe the same in its innermost properties as it was? Or is it something else?

The chemist says: "The proportions of weight of atoms of iron and so forth are unchanging." But the weight of the atoms in a raw block of marble may be exactly the same as in the Venus of Milo. Is there no difference?

Imagine, then, that through a kind of world-bequest certain things had been made easier for this new gaseous world. Then the chain of evolution would have been saved after all in ascending, exactly as it has been saved in our animal and vegetable world through simple inheritance of qualities and properties.

The outward form of humanity could disappear then in any solar draft furnace as quietly as the body of any single human disappears in the furnace of the crematory, and yet the great evolutionary chain would be saved.

Whoever feels in himself the power for progress, for aspiring work, may feel assured. In him still weaves the mighty loom that began its web in Milky Ways and Sirius suns and that will lead us farther, though earths crack and suns sink into night. Here burns the true world-power of our individuality. So long as it does not believe in a final end of the world, so long none can be.

WILHELM BOELSCH.

Reflections of a Bachelor

If Cinderella had had to put on rubbers she would have lost her job.

The early worm gets caught as retribution for waking up everybody else in the house.

A girl who is being hugged for the first time acts like she was afraid it might never happen again.

Whether a man is too tired to go to the theater when he comes home from work depends on whether it is with his own family.

When a woman says that she and her husband never had a quarrel in their life she means he has such self-control that he always says he never knew any other woman in the world who could see things just as a man sees them.—New York Press.

Old-Time Drum Major

What has become of the drum major? Not the fellow who merely walks in front of the band dressed in the same kind of clothes the other members wear and carrying a silver-headed stick with cautious dignity. This individual is plentiful enough; nearly every band has him and he is almost unavoidable, though inoffensive. But he is not the one that eager eyes look for. What is wanted is the good old-fashioned drum major with clothes that would make Solomon in all his glory look as if he were in negligee; with a bearskin shako three feet high and a red rag hanging out of the top of it, and a long polished baton with a huge glittering silver ball on the end of it. This is the artist that is wanted.—Indianapolis News.

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